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VOLUME 14, NUMBER 1
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The wild, frenzied mobs went in for rape as well as murder. For three horrifying days, no woman was safe anywhere.

New York's Day Of Blood

2,000 bodies littered the streets on this day of infamy!

by **CARSON PAUL**

THE ODDS WEREN'T exactly even when the howling mob attacked the Third Avenue Armory in New York that hot July afternoon in 1863. There were ten thousand rabid men and women in the streets, and only thirty-two policemen inside.

For over an hour the rioters had been battering the building with bricks and paving stones, shouting and brandishing weapons of every description. There were sledge hammers and crowbars, pieces of pipe and bars of iron, clubs and swords, and a few old muskets and pistols. The ragged streetwalkers who made up a part of the mob had armed themselves too. Some carried

butcher knives and scissors; others had fire tongs and toasting forks—anything that would serve as a weapon.

It was "Bloody Monday," the 13th of July, the first day of the Civil War draft riots in New York City. By a strange coincidence, the next day was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the Fall of the Paris Bastille to a bloody mob of revolutionists. It was only by the merest chance that Manhattan did not suffer the same fate. What the city did suffer was bad enough by any standards, but it could have been much worse.

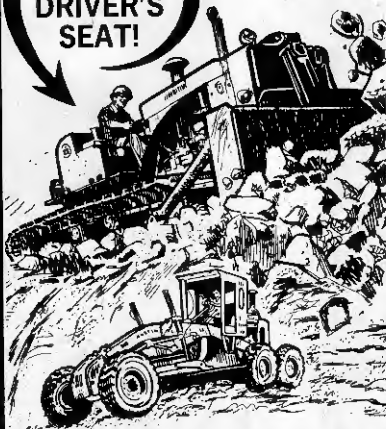
What the mob was after were the 4000 carbines and 200,000 rounds of ammunition stored in the armory. With these they

(Continued on page 12)

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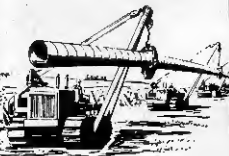
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could wipe out the entire police force and take over the city in a reign of terror.

The thirty-two besieged defenders of the armory were members of the famous Broadway Squad led by Sergeant Burdick. They had relieved a smaller squad of patrolmen that afternoon, at two o'clock, when several hundred people had started to crowd around the armory. Armed with carbines in addition to their regular shotguns, nightsticks and revolvers, the police had taken up their stand near the windows. By four o'clock the mob had grown to tremendous proportions and it was obvious that the attack would soon begin in earnest.

Suddenly a giant of a man ran from the crowd to the main door of the armory and began smashing at it with a sledge hammer. A gravel gave way, and another man eager to be the first to enter, started to crawl through the opening. He was immediately shot through the head by a policeman. This sobered the mob for a moment and it fell back. But soon a wave of men surged forward and began battering at the door with sledges, crowbars and tree trunks. Sergeant Burdick saw that the building could not be defended, and that once the door was breached his men would be overpowered by sheer weight of numbers. They might be able to shoot down dozens of attackers, but it was certain that not one of the police would be alive afterwards.

Since it was equally impossible to fight their way through the mob out in front, the only means of escape was through the rear, where the rioters were guarding the exit with only a few men. The exit itself—if it could be called that—was nothing more than a hole in the rear wall about eighteen inches by twelve inches, with an eighteen-foot drop to the alley below. Every man in the Broadway Squad was well over six feet tall and weighed more than two hundred pounds. But somehow each one managed to squeeze through the hole and drop to the ground. There they had to club a path through the mob's rear guard, which was rapidly being reinforced as word of the breakthrough was shouted around the building. Burdick and all his men finally made it to the Eighteenth Precinct station house on Twenty-second Street, leaving behind them some dead rioters and many with broken heads and smashed faces. But within an hour the station house, too, was attacked and burned, and they had to flee to Police Headquarters on Mulberry Street.

The mob rushed into the armory soon as the main door was broken down. There were a few guns on the first floor, but the bulk of them were stored in the drill room on the third floor. While some stayed below to look what ever was at hand, hundreds of others ran upstairs and began pulling carbines out of the racks and filling their pockets with cartridges. Thinking that the police would return at any minute, the rioters barricaded the door to the drill room. This, as it turned out later, was a fatal mistake.

While all of this had been going on, two detachments of police had been engaged in open street warfare with

different mobs on Second Avenue and farther up on Third. After beating their way through the crowds, they finally joined forces to form a group of over a hundred men, and advanced upon the mob that was still milling around in front of the armory. By using their heavy nightsticks on anything that stood in their way, they opened a path to the battered-in door, where they lit up four deep.

At word of the police arrival, most of the rioters on the lower floor of the armory rushed outside to help fight them off. Meanwhile, upstairs in the still-barricaded drill room, hundreds of others were loading themselves down with as much of the looted munitions as they could carry. As the men came out of the building they had to run the gauntlet of the police lines, where they were beaten down like rats by the flailing clubs.

At the same time, some of the rioters thought the police would retake the armory and to prevent this they set fires at various parts of the building. Soon the entire first floor was ablaze, and as the structure was wooden and very old, the tinder-dry flooring and walls hurried the flames along. Almost as fast as a tin of black powder. Those who ran out of the building now were not clubbed down unless they were carrying carbines, and then they were beaten unmercifully.

As the flames rose, the rioters in the drill room tried to escape, but the door had been barricaded so well it was some time before it could be opened. A few managed to get out before the flames collapsed, but most of them were hurled into the fiery pit below. A good many rushed in panic to the windows and jumped. Those who were not killed instantly were horribly maimed.

THIS WAS the first major crisis that was met and panned in the bloody four days of lawlessness which history has called the New York draft riots. It is true that the rioting started because of the conscription of troops for the Union Army under the recently passed Enrollment Act, but the vicious city-wide anarchy that immediately followed the first outbreaks was due to entirely different causes. It was the criminal element in New York that was responsible for the wholesale arson, looting, murder and rape that went on in all parts of the city. At the time, it was estimated that the population of known criminals was as high as seventy to eighty thousand, most of them foreign-born and living in filthy, crowded dens in the Bowery on the East Side and around the notorious Five Points area. Such gangs as the Dead Rabbits, the Plug Uglies, the Honeymoon Gang, the Hudd'n Dusters, the Bowery Boys, the Atlantic Guards, and many more had for years been brawling among themselves when they were not engaged in their criminal pursuits. Only six years before, also in July, there had been a pitched battle between several of the Five Points and Bowery gangs which went on for three days. Until now, the fighting and robbery and murder of these gangs had been restricted to their own slum neighborhoods. This was the

first time their terrorizing attacks had been unleashed upon the city as a whole.

The rioting that began at ten o'clock on the morning of July 13th at the Ninth Ward enrollment house on the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Third Avenue was just what the gangs had been waiting for. They rushed out of the slums by the thousands and joined the already large mobs of protest that had gathered wherever the drawing of names for the draft was being carried on. There was widespread resentment against the draft among the laborers because New York's quota had been set too high and also because of the \$300 exemption under which the rich could buy their way out of service. There was also considerable resentment among the foreign-born population, against Negroes; first, because they were held to be somehow responsible for the war, and second, because they had moved into the city in large numbers during the past few years and taken over a great many jobs. The original mobs of draft objectors were probably responsible for the burning and sacking of the enrollment offices in both the Ninth and Eighth wards, and some of the attacks on Negroes and their homes. But now the gangs moved in and took over command of the rioters, inciting them to further fury and violence. During the second day of rioting and thereafter, the mobs were made up almost exclusively of gang members, many of them sworn enemies who now fought together against the law.

It was the gang leaders, of course, who planned the attack on the Third Avenue Armory and schemed to capture the entire city, including all the banks and even the Sub-Treasury building! With most of the militia away and only small garrisons of Union troops available from Governor's Island and the other nearby forts, they knew that once they overpowered the police Manhattan Island would be in their hands.

After the fiasco at the armory, the mob turned to the Union Steam Works, which had been converted to a munitions factory and where an almost equally large supply of arms was stored in cases, ready for shipment to the Union Army. Once again they defeated a resistance of police guard and gained possession of enough weapons and ammunition to carry out their plans. But again, for some unexplained reason, instead of opening the cases and distributing the carbines, they set up a garrison of some five hundred rioters inside to guard them against future use.

An emergency force of around two hundred Metropolitan police was sent out from headquarters under the command of Inspector Dilks. After fighting their way through the streets for over an hour, they finally reached the rebel stronghold where began a terrific hand-to-hand battle that was fought foot by foot through the hallways and step by step up the narrow stairs of the building. The nightsticks of the police ran with blood and the rooms and halls were littered with dead and dying before they regained the situation. They touched cases of arms and ammunition. The fight was carried to the very roof of the building, where many rioters were clubbed to death and others thrown to the sidewalk below, which was already covered with casualties from the earlier battle. (Continued on page 45)

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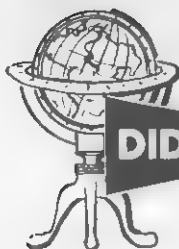
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DID YOU KNOW THAT...

SON OF A GUN

They raise 'em rough in London, England. A mother recently told a probation officer in that city about her 15-year-old son, who tells his parents when to go to bed; looks up the house at night; orders his meals served in a separate room; opens his father's mail; tells his mother not to speak to him unless spoken to. But, the mother protested, the only reason the boy played hooky from school was because "he's shy!"

VALD EXCUSE

Also in England, where justice is usually tempered with sound common sense, Albert Pastore explained to the judge that the reason he fled the scene of an accident involving his car was because, while driving with another woman, he spotted his wife in the street and his instinct warned him to put distance between the two girls. The charge was dismissed.

JUST PASSING BY

An upright householder in Memphis, Tennessee, was a bit surprised one day when a car shot off the road, into his house, through the wall, and came to rest in his living room. "Why don't you forget the whole thing," shouted the motorist as he rose from his wrecked auto. "It was just an accident!"

"DO UNTO OTHERS"

A Bible salesman, in Terre Haute, Indiana complained angrily to the police that a rival seller of the Book had assaulted him and thrown him out of



his hotel, in an attempt to muscle into his territory.

FULL CREDIT

Charles Steen of El Paso, Texas, insisted on complete accuracy, during his trial on charges of stealing an automobile. He refused to plead guilty to stealing a Cadillac, until the charge was changed to read "Cadillac Coupe

de Ville," explaining haughtily that he never bothered with anything but the very best.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

In Oklahoma City, Robert Simms Popejoy strolled casually into a restaurant, surveyed the scene with a grand air, idled over to one of the booths, sidled up ■ another customer and blandly took a bite from the patron's hamburger. The result—a \$7 fine.

LONGEVITY FORMULA

In Windsor, Ontario, Captain Wallington B. Sphears, late of the Great Lakes



shipping circles, recently celebrated his 107th birthday. In reply to a request for his prescription for a long life, he replied, "I drank plenty of whiskey, and smoked all the black cigars I wanted. I still do when they'll give them to me."

HIDE YOUR TIME

Giovanni Petriani, 80-year-old resident of Turin, Italy, recently received an official letter from the Italian Army. When he opened it, with trembling hands, he read that his promotion to sergeant, first recommended back in 1908, had finally been approved.

IT AIN'T NO TRICK

In Baltimore, Maryland, James Hipaley, 80 years old, was brought to court on a vagrancy charge. Asked by the judge if he had a job, he answered, "No, I live off the city." "How do you do that?" asked the judge, as he handed Hipaley a three-month sentence. As Hipaley was being led away, he shouted back his reply, "This is how!"

COULD BE

Patrice W. Green, 20-year-old Baltimore resident, was finally awarded a divorce after she testified that a private detective, shadowing her errant husband, had trailed the spouse and another woman to a movie theater. The

bill featured, "This Could Be The Night." Any questions?

WHO'S SCARED

In Bellflower, California, 27-year-old truck driver, Lon F. Allen was explaining exactly why he had tried to run down a highway patrolman. "I wanted to prove that I was not afraid of a policeman."

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT

Donald J. Dalman, 40, of Chicago, Illinois, was recently convicted of forgery and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. It seems that he had gotten into the habit of writing phony checks on a check writing machine that he had won in a poker game.

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT

In Tel Aviv, Israel, Moshe Tabatsnik wanted more time in which to pay his income tax. The request was denied. So, Mr. Tabatsnik, now under the threat of court proceedings, went to the Tax Collector's office and set fire to the files. He was successful in destroying more than 500 returns and records—but he failed to burn his own.

GET A HORSE

In Minot, North Dakota, a riderless horse got loose one day. In the course



of its mad dash through the town, it ran smack into Warren Melby's 1957 Chevrolet taxicab at a main intersection. The cab suffered more than \$400 damage. The horse, only a small tag out.

IT'S FATE

Dr. C. H. Robertson, scheduled to give a major address in Springfield, Ohio, to the meeting of the National Food Associates, was forced to call off his appearance. It seems that the good doctor was confined to his bed. He was suffering from a case of food poisoning.

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This blonde from Molly's boat knew that we boys in the South Pacific needed more than just letters from home. And she came to give us what we needed.

**In their floating
bordello, redheaded
Molly Ryan and her
fifty girl hustlers
brought the "comforts"
of home to our sex
starved fighting men
on the islands of
the South Pacific!**

"You came to the right place," Molly told the officer. "We heard how lonely you boys are out here. We came to lend you a hand—at thirty bucks a week."

by L. J. ARNOLD

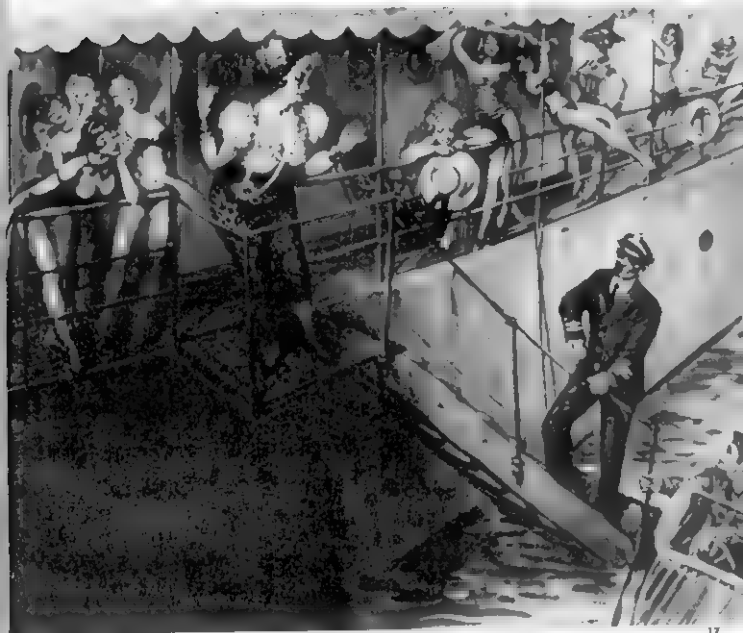
THE RUSTY looking motorship hove to in the greasy swells under the guns of the U.S. destroyer. She looked like a harmless three island tramp—the kind they used to build in Glasgow. She didn't look like the kind of ship to give the U.S. Navy trouble—but she was.

The *Minnie Ha Ha*, out of Nuevo Grande, was causing the Navy more trouble than a Jap battlewagon. After all, you could sink a battlewagon, but no one knew what to do with the *Minnie Ha Ha*.

The JG in charge of the boarding party pulled himself up the Jacobs ladder and over the rail. He had a speech all prepared, but he soon forgot it when he saw the women standing on the deck of the old motorboat. There must have been about fifty of them, and the big redhead in filmy black-mesh stockings and little else seemed to be the boss. "Glad to have you aboard, sailor," she said. "Me and the girls have been getting lonely."

The J.G. gulped (Continued on page 18)

THE WW II CRUISE OF THE **SHIP OF SEX**



and he felt his face turning red. Behind him, the bosun's mate whistled between his buck teeth and said, "Oh, my aching back. It's true! Them dog-faces didn't make it up!"

The J.G. said, "Which one of you, er, ladies, is Molly Ryan?"

"That's me, sailor boy," laughed the red head, "What's on your dirty little mind, as if I didn't know?" The girls on deck tittered and one said, "He's kinda cute. I might take him home to raise."

"I'm here on official U.S. Navy business!" sputtered the red faced J.G. Behind him, ■ could hear his men snickering. Molly Ryan grinned and nearly threw a hip out of joint putting her foot on the hatch cover. The J.G. was sweating more than the hot sun over the Philippine Sea called for. He hadn't seen a white woman in eighteen months and the curves on that red headed bitch were better than he'd been dreaming about. And he'd been dreaming as hard as he could. Hitting a brace he repeated his statement that he and his men were there on business.

"You've come to the right place, dearie!" the red head laughed. "This here's the finest collection of business women this side of Pearl Harbor."

"You admit that you're running a ...

a floating brothel?"

"Admit it? Hell, junior, I'm advertising it! By now, every goddam gyrene, swabby, and dog-face within five hundred miles knows me and the girls are anchored here. We're counting on it!"

"That's what I'm here for. You and your girls will have to leave this area. Orders of the Admiral."

"Orders of the Admiral, eh handsome? I can tell you what you can do with the Admiral."

"You don't understand!" sputtered the J.G. "This is a war zone. You can't come sailing in here with a ship load of ..."

"Why not, Sonny? We're not hurting anybody. We're here to help! Me and the girls heard about how you boys out here in the islands were suffering from a rare tropical disease. We pooled our loot, chartered this garbage scow, and came out here to see if we couldn't do something. At thirty bucks a tussle!"

"But it's illegal!"

"The hell you say, junior! We're anchored three miles off the nearest island. Our ship ■ on the high seas—subject only to the laws of the country she's registered with. The banana republic whose proud flag waves from our fan-tail, junior, does not have any laws against prostitution. In fact, it's

one of the leading industries of Nuevo Granada. You go back and tell your Admiral he'd better watch his step. Stopping a neutral vessel in time of war is a serious matter."

The J.G.'s shoulders sagged. He was a beaten man and he knew it.

"Let's go, men." He said, turning towards the Jacobs ladder.

The mate said, "Sir, we was supposed to bring them in under our guns for trial, remember?"

"Look, Saunders," the officer sighed, "I'm only a lousy J.G., not a sea lawyer. I'm toting this right back in the old man's lap."

Molly called after him. "Why don't you come back out here tonight after duty, honey. I might give you a discount."

The J.G. and his men sullenly clambered down into the launch without answering. Molly turned to a tall blonde in a red panty girdle and snickered. "What'll you bet he comes back?"

MOLLY RYAN knew what she was talking about. ■ wasn't her first run in with the U.S. Navy. And it wouldn't be her last. She had the Army worried too. And neither one of them could figure out just what to do about her. There wasn't a hell of a lot they could do.



Molly Ryan was born in Butte, Montana, shortly after the first World War. By the time the second one broke out, she'd done time for hustling in half the states in the Union.

Since her native country didn't appreciate her talents, Molly drifted south of the border with a traveling man named Slippery Jim Wilson who ditched her in Central America.

This didn't bother Molly half as much as it should have. Two things helped to ease the pain of slippery Jim's betrayal. One, there was a large U.S. air base nearby and two, her business was perfectly legal in that country.

She and a half Indian babe named Lolita Ramirez set up a man killing crib house a few miles from the base. In no time they were rich.

Nobody knows to this day whether Uncle Sam pulled out his boys from that base because of strategy or to save them from being ruined for life. Lolita drifted up to Panama City with a bag of tricks that would have startled the Marquis De Sade. She became a legend in her own right as the infamous "Tiger Lady" of Panama City.

Molly Ryan, a more far seeing type of hustler, saw what was coming ahead of time and organized a syndicate to charter the *Minnie Ha Ha*. Shrewdly, Molly had known what the boys in the Pacific needed more than letters from home. And she knew there'd be a hell of a profit in bringing it to them.

The *Minnie Ha Ha* would heave anchor three miles off shore from an Army or Navy base and send a boatload of half naked girls ashore for provisions. From then on, it went smooth as silk. With all that meat and no potatoes a lousy three miles away, the boys didn't waste time getting out to the ship. A few of them actually swam it.

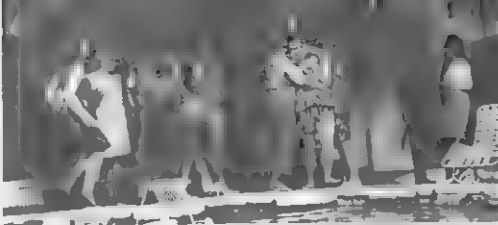
On some islands, the brass was co-operative. The officers were human too, after all, and couldn't very well say anything about the men visiting a ship they patronized themselves.

On other islands, the brass played it stuffy. They'd try to drive the *Minnie Ha Ha* away and, that didn't work, place it off limits.

It slowed business down some. It never seemed to stop it. To keep a place off limits, the men watching it have to mean business. The M.P.'s and Shore Patrol boys hadn't seen any girls since stateside either. They were too busy taking advantage of Molly's special discount to Shore Patrol and M.P. personnel to bother about the other guys who got out to the steamer one way or another.

So, thumbing her nose at the U.S. Navy, the *Minnie Ha Ha* went her merry way from island to island, just stopping long enough in her errand of mercy to relieve the garrison of their tropical diseases and payrolls.

Desperate theatre commanders sent frantic messages to Washington. There had to be some law the *Minnie Ha Ha* was breaking! In the Pentagon, lights burned overtime as legal eagles poured through volumes of forgotten sea laws. Try as they might, they couldn't find a



If the Island Command were lax, Molly and her girls brought their professional skills ashore. Officers, of course, had first pick.

statute on the books that would allow the navy to seize the *Minnie Ha Ha*.

Molly figured she had a good thing running for herself and the girls. As long as the war lasted, they were going to just keep hauling in the dough. But Molly forgot one thing. The U.S. Army and Navy might have respect for international law. The boys on the other side didn't. As far as the guys who sailed under the banner of the rising meat ball were concerned, international law was for suckers.

MOLLY AND the girls had stayed out of the Jap's way. With U.S. Service men spread all over the South Pacific, it was a simple matter to keep away from the battle lines. At least, that's what they thought. Molly had a war map in her cabin with the combat zones marked off in red ink. The *Minnie Ha Ha* always stayed on the safe side of the red lines. But there was one thing wrong with that idea. The Japs didn't have the same lines drawn on their maps. Sailing up the Leyte Gulf, shortly after the landings in the South Philippines, the *Minnie Ha Ha* ran smack into a destroyer escort, shepherd-ing a convoy of Jap troopships.

The bridge officer on the Jap destroyer was as nervous as a tom cat with turpentine under his tail. He could see the neutral flag waving over the stern of the *Minnie Ha Ha*. But flags are easy to fake and the Jap Navy was running scared.

Frothing between her teeth, the Jap escort vessel cut between the convoy and the *Minnie Ha Ha*. When Molly's skipper, sure of his immunity from either side, didn't alter course, the Jap destroyer put a shot across her bows.

A minute later, the startled Jap officer was rubbing his eyes. Handing his binoculars to his exec, he said, "Take a look at this, Namura. Either I've been at sea too long or the deck of that ship is swarming with naked women!"

"It's a Yankee trick!" shouted the exec as he swept the decks of the *Minnie Ha Ha* with the glasses. Startled by the shots, Molly's girls had come boiling up out of their cabins in various states of undress.

"What could they be trying to pull?" stammered the bridge officer.

"Who knows what those round eyed devils are thinking? Blunk them, before they get any closer!"

"Forward turret, fire all guns!" the bridge officer shouted. A thundering salvo of HE lashed the *Minnie Ha Ha* from stem to stern. They built them rugged in the Glasgow shipyards. The old motorboat went down gallantly after absorbing more shells than the Jap Navy could afford this late in the war.

But down she went, just the same, with her neutral flag still flying and not so much as a BB gun to fight back with. When it was all over, the destroyer circled through the oil slick and scattered debris.

"No survivors, sir!" sang the boson. Curtly the officers nodded. With a wry grin, the exec said, "Too bad. Now we shall never know what they were up to."

Wistfully, the bridge officer, who'd been a long time away from the Yankee-were girls, said, "And I did so want to find out if it was true what they say about American women."

The news traveled slowly. For a long while, nobody knew what had happened. Nobody knew why Molly Ryan and her girls didn't come around anymore to relieve them of their money and tropical diseases. Then the word got around. Molly had had time to send an R.O.S. when she went down and two days later the banana republic she was registered with declared war on the Japs.

Lonely men on the Pacific run got a funny look in their eyes when they thought about it. The brass might have been happy but they didn't say so. Molly had been nothing but a hard working hustler, but she'd been an honest one. No man ever got rolled on the *Minnie Ha Ha* and the girls had given them what they were paying for.

Some guys will tell you the battle of Leyte Gulf was to save the Philippines. Maybe it was. But guys who were there when the news of the *Minnie Ha Ha*'s sinking got to the fleet will still argue the point. They'll tell you the sixteen-inch shell that crashed through the bridge of the Jap ship had, "Remember Pearl Harbor" written on it. Maybe. But those who should know say it read, "Remember Molly Ryan!"



LIVE STAG SHOWS FOR MIXED AUDIENCES



Traveling sex shows

are pulling in

the customers to

droves all over

this "puritanic"

country of ours.

HORS-COURS
LOTS
FINS de SÉRIES

ARTHUR
MARTIN



by BRANDON MALONE

SEEING IS believing, then we have saving the treat and formerly certain country hours. In one of the wildest windings of the history of the world, no longer true that folks from the country and people from the farmlands and small towns are journeying to the city for their excursions into the bauchery. Instead, today, it's coming to them, rough, straight and untarnished by every method of mass transportation known to the human race.

Like the medicine shows of the '40's and '50's, like the movie in the '20's and '30's, the exhibition has become a prime entertainment medium from—as the politicians would say—the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California, and all stops in between. By latest estimates, more than 200,000 country folk, connoisseurs of inimate entertainment are doing land office business in at least 19 of our fifty states. And, in this season, snow ice and blizzard cold will never get you north of Alaska, or, if so, doubt we'll find that the voters actually unanimous.

Of course, the show is such an early, raw, they've always been with it, more or less equal feature of the old-light districts for small extra fee those ambitious folks with taste on that sort of thing could always arrange for an exhibition featuring some odd assortment of wonders in a variety of mutual confections designed to demonstrate the infinite capacity of human beings of novel reproductive methods, whether or not this actually benefited, or even informed and educated them. It was a smooch and while it's doubtful that any paying patron was

actually undertook to mistle what he or it saw, in any case, she saw it, it is also noteworthy that few, if any, ever left the premises without loudly announcing that the show was "great." What a small thought, now recorded.

So long as the show remained a part and parcel of the major centers of national vice, the rest of the nation was able to sit snugly back and avoidably denounce sin, said in the knowledge that as soon as they had re-elected their own home town reform tickets they could immediately rush off to wicked New York, Chicago, New Orleans or wherever you are heartily enjoy the very things which they had unwitting their hands in horror their local and escape.

But things, in that way or more, any thing, they're just the opposite. Today, it's the big towns that are deeply engaged cleaning things up, and the city dwellers must look out for the country to find the very things they've formerly posessed as springing out attractions.

As an example, a recent exhibition in one of our major life-savings audiences, two or three hundred claims apiece. While, of the same night, a small town, not more than 100 miles away, was enjoying a similar enterprise at no more understandable admission charges, \$5 straight. Not made you that the girl and boy in the city cleared more than a couple of extra bucks. Rather, the cost of production, particularly pay-offs and assorted grafts, frankly making the whole business uneconomic in the cities.

The girls and boys may not read philosophy treatises, but they do follow dollar and cents figures admirably. So human nature being what it is, by the hundreds, they've taken to the road.

(Continued on page 22)



SKORZENY

The Nazi They Couldn't Beat

**Nothing could daunt the ferociously daring German commando
who made a specialty of always performing the impossible!**

by HENRY SALTON

THEY CALLED him "the most dangerous man in Europe." And in all probability he was. For Otto Skorzeny, in the minds of many veterans of European politics and war, was, and still is, the one and only Nazi who really deserved the title "Superman!"

He was given the most impossible assignments, and then he promptly went about proving that they could be done. He was reckless, daring, imaginative, thoroughly fearless, inquisitive, analytical and completely devoted to the myth of German invincibility. And if his country failed to win the war, it certainly wasn't because of any short-comings on his part. From the German point of view, their biggest failure was their inability to provide themselves with more than one Skorzeny.

He got his job by accident. Invalided home from the Russian front where he had been a Lieutenant of Engineers, he was assigned on his recovery to desk duty in the German War Office. He was busily stagnating there in April, 1943, when General Staff received an order from Adolph Hitler to organize a unit of "Special Troops," on the style of the British Commandos.

Headquarters was unimpressed. As far as the Junker chieftains of the Wehrmacht were concerned, old Adolph's myth of military genius had long since evaporated. They had a real war on their

hands. There wasn't time, there weren't resources to be wasted on extraneous nonsense.

Nevertheless, they had to do something. They were in no position to ignore the Fuehrer's direct order. Then somebody mentioned the young Engineer shavetail. And that was that. By nightfall he had been detailed "Chief, Special Troops!" As far as the OKW (OberKommandWehrmacht -- High Command Army) was concerned, the sooner the new project was forgotten, the better.

But Skorzeny didn't know that he was supposed to be forgotten. He actually went out, recruited a cadre, organized it, trained it and even proved his claim to military genius, by cutting through miles of red tape to supply it.

In July, 1943, less than 90 days later, Hitler—who had not forgotten his order—sent for the new Commando commander. For now that the Allies had landed in Sicily, the Italian people had panicked. Marshall Badoglio had taken over the government and had arrested Il Duce. Hitler wanted his friend, "the greatest Italian since the Caesars," rescued.

In this, his first big chance, Skorzeny immediately demonstrated the vast range of his potential. He was literally a one man army. First he had to find Mussolini. The search took him all over Italy. But methodically the Lieutenant traced his quarry from Ponza Island, to

(Continued on page 40)

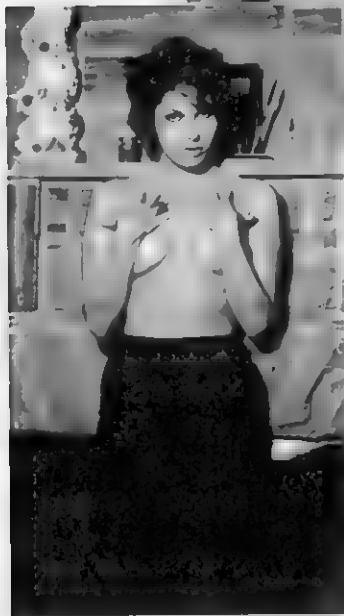
**Olga Petersson is anything but
what she seems. A sultry brunette,
Olga hails from Norway, that land
of cold weather and colder blondes!**





OLGA FROM OSLO





OLGA FROM OSLO

Olga, a dancer and a painter, is making good in both fields. The gal has got what it takes in all directions. Her measurements? Well, she's a divine 36-23-36".



THE GIRL WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH SNAKES





**It was my fault that
the 28 foot python
killer was loose
somewhere in the
community, waiting
for its first prey!**

by FRANK NAYLOR

BY MIDNIGHT, August 3, the terror had gripped our county for more than eighteen hours. Houses were closed; doors double-locked. The streets were deserted save for police and sheriff's cars that prowled everywhere and the volunteer foot-patrols which searched in the bushes and trees, probing the shadowed acres with powerful flashlights.

I sat in the sheriff's office, sweating. By that time I was numb to the looks—half angry, half reproachful—that I was receiving from the worried deputies who bustled in and out of the office.

Once again, I asked Pat Lenhy, the Fairfield County Sheriff, to allow me to join in the hunt.

"I can't let you out," he'd grunted. "I'm keeping you here for your own protection. The people are scared—and they're in a damned ugly mood. God knows what they might do to you if they saw you wandering around. No, Frank. You'd better stay here."

I returned to the ante room and lit another cigarette. A loudspeaker was blaring out official calls. I listened to them—and my hands trembled.

"Cars 8 and 14 proceed immediately to 1690 Rowan Street. The tenants report something moving in their garden. . . . Car 9 stand by. We're getting a report from a store in area C-3."

It had been going on like that for eighteen hours—since 5:30 the previous morning, when I had drunkenly telephoned the police to report that a python was loose in Fairfield County!

The fault was mine—all mine. I should have had more sense than to do the stupid things I'd done the night before. After all, I had been dealing in snakes and small wild animals—selling them to circuses and carnivals—for years. One of the reasons authorities had allowed me to maintain my storage pens and cages in an outlying area, was that I had an excellent record for taking all possible safety precautions.

Until that bleary August morning, I'd had no trouble. I'd never "lost" an animal or snake. Not even the rhesus monkeys I sometimes had in stock—the escape-artists of the animal world—had never been able to get out of their cages.

But past performances would count for little—now that 28 feet of deadly, hungry python were loose somewhere!

The huge snake had a big head start. I'd gone into town at about 8:00 P.M., determined to have dinner in a restaurant and follow it up with a few drinks before returning home. It's something I do often, being a bachelor.

This night, things turned out a little differently, however. I was drinking in Jake Zeigler's Caravan Club bar when I bumped into Jinny, a dame I've known for a long time. We belted a few, danced a few times, and soon got pretty chummy. The idea to buy a bottle and go out to my place was her's not mine—but I wasn't about to say no.

IT WAS STILL EARLY—about 11:00—when we got there. We killed half the jug, then Jinny wanted to see the animals. I switched on the floodlights out back.

I didn't have too much stock on hand—a brace of pumas, some monkeys, porcupines, foxes—small stuff. And, of course, the python. I'd gotten the snake the week before from a South American trapper. It was already sold to a carnival in Chillicothe, Ohio, but the carnival manager had asked me to hold the python for a few weeks until he was ready for it.

Jinny was fascinated by the snake. None of the other animals interested her half as much. She stood in front of the mesh-wire cage and stared at it as though hypnotized, taking sips absently from the highball glass.

"Open the cage, Frank," she pleaded, her nostrils flaring suddenly. "Please, Frank—I want to touch it . . ."

I was feeling no pain myself—otherwise I would never have done it. There wouldn't have been much danger under normal circumstances. A python is a fairly harmless brute—unless it's hungry or attacked. This one was hungry, but with the two of us—fully grown adults—it would do nothing.

At any rate, I unfastened the door to the cage and opened it. Jinny, her eyes wide and a little wild, climbed inside and stroked the great coiled

(Continued on page 46)

LESBIANISM



Psychologists claim that frigidity — fear of sex — can
best be removed by sexual contact with another woman!



A lesbian relationship is no bar to marriage or family responsibility. In Europe, the AC-DC woman is quite common.

The Answer to the Problem of FRIGID WOMEN

by NORTON McVICKERS

IF, AS IT has been reported, one out of every six women fails to find any sexual pleasure in marriage, it is indeed a shocking statistic. The human body is so broadly conditioned to the utmost limits of performance that it is absolutely impossible to put that failure down to male technique. No matter how badly a husband may act, no matter how poor his technique, it is still almost beyond conception that any normal woman could derive zero satisfaction. Little, perhaps; insufficient—probable. But none? That doesn't add up!

Yet when we look for confirming statistics from other nations, other societies, other civilizations, we find ourselves isolated. Female frigidity to a similar percentage just doesn't exist beyond our borders. Figurewise, Canada and Mexico, our immediate neighbors, don't have one tenth our problem. Western Europe has even less. And these are nations with identical backgrounds to our own, nations from whom our own American way of life originally sprang.

The fact has nothing to do with European male technique. The European marrying a native born American girl finds exactly the same percentage of failure the American does.

Therefore it's obvious that the answer must be sought in the attitudes and conditioning of the

average American girl. We can dismiss outlook, philosophy, and attitude directly. It's a physical problem we're dealing with, not a mental one. Therefore, we must examine the physiology of sex.

This is something directly related to sex and therefore must be approached carefully at the most basic sexual level. In order to do this fairly, the opinions of a number of scientists and sociologists were solicited, both in this country and abroad. Strangely enough, there was a remarkable unanimity in their general ideas, though naturally they did not agree in detail.

Dr. Helmar Alvigsson has dealt widely with similar problems in his own Scandinavian area. Here is what he has to say.

"I think your American civilization overstresses the group personality. Everyone must be made to fit closely to some fictional ideal. Your young women are under extra pressures, to date, to be the good sport, to be the (Continued on page 36)



Out along filmdom way, model Gerry Parker is known as "The Body". If you wonder why, they you had better hie yourself off to an occulist!

PARKER GIRL



The truth was that men sought sexual satisfaction with their own sex, while the gals swooned in the arms of other women. This dreadful state of affairs had resulted in a civilization dying on its feet.



It was the most amazing
edict in all history;
"Any man found, from this
day onward, in any pose
of love, with any woman,
shall be executed. All
physical intercourse ■
now forbidden by law!"

ONLY THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

by TEDDY SPIROS

MEN ARE MEN and women, women—thank heaven—and so long as the twain do meet, all's right with the world. At least, that's the way it's supposed to be. But then, the world is ■ funny place, and an awful lot can happen between the first coy smile and that long center aisle.

Now back in that pleasant land my granddaddy called home—and I do mean Greece—there's more history per square mile than you can find anywhere on earth. And Greeks being Greeks, most of it, in one way or another, concerns the art of love. For if there's anything in this old universe about love and its physical manifestations that wasn't invented by a Greek, I'd like to know what it was. Good, bad or indifferent,

we've tried it all.

The history of Greece goes back an awfully long way. But of all the great events that happened in those seagirt hills of paradise, nothing was stranger, wilder, or more devilishly fantastic than a small historical footnote that occurred some twenty-two hundred years ago, in that village of fighting men known as Sparta. You've heard of the place, I'm sure. Not Athens—the other town they told you about in school, the ancient capital of that unpronounceable peninsula—the Pelopennesus.

Now to begin with, let me fill you in ■ little bit. Basically the Greeks, like Gaul, are divided into three parts—or clans. There are (Continued on page 37)

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Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1997, 92, 103-114.

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LESBIANISM (Continued from page 33)

general movie and television version of the romantic female. In practice, this doesn't work. In my part of the world, young people are encouraged to experiment sexually, but that encouragement is more permissive than your own. We are interested in the end result, not the interim ideal. If a girl's feelings do not fit in with what may be considered right, it is hardly anyone's business but her own.

A lesbian relationship is definitely no bar to marriage or family responsibility. In fact, if the tendency is present, as it is in many women, how much better for her to find it out and utilize it than to develop soul-searing repressions. More than 99% of all such lesbians can and do live extremely satisfying lives, finding happiness in marriage and motherhood. They have found that a moderate release of their abnormal desires increases their ability to sustain normal relationships, even permitting them to derive a great measure of pleasure from their ordinary sex patterns. Thus, what might be called "friendships" between married women are not uncommon. They help rather than hinder the regular marital state. It is only one in a thousand, whose lesbianism is the dominant rather than the recessive characteristic, who ends up an outcast. Unlike the male, women can easily and happily absorb the double standard."

Professor Heinrich Göhler of Austria puts it another way.

"Let us understand the basic facts. There are two separate and distinct kinds of frigidity: that caused by neural structure and that caused by repression. For the woman whose nervous system is deficient, there is and can be no cure. She is built to be frigid. But for others, there is hope. There are many types of repression. Many can be cured by modern psychiatric treatment. Some can be cured by the use of special sexual techniques. Many can be cured by changes in surroundings and circumstances. Some frigidity is directed at specific individuals and can be cured by separating the subject from those she considers hostile. And finally there are those whose frigidity is caused by a general anti-male mental structure.

For these, the cure is greater female contact. This contact may run from accented friendships with other women all the way to outright lesbianism. In dealing with this group one must determine the extent of the pro-female leanings, and can run from a mild inclination. Obviously this differs in all women all the way to a totality.

If we dismiss those who are rated 80% and higher pro-female as practically incurable, we find that a greater or lesser indulgence in their

preferred pattern is of definite help in bringing back their natural responsiveness. Once this has been accomplished, then it is relatively simple to channel those responses into normal sex satisfaction.

They all require occasional permissive relapses, but as time goes on the relapses become fewer. It is the denial that causes frigidity. Once denial has been removed there is not too much need for lesbianism. Naturally, all of this must be carried out under scientific counseling, careful and controlled conditions with the total understanding of all concerned. It is not a procedure that can be entered into lightly. Uncontrolled lesbian activity can be worse than frigidity. A woman unprepared for the results may easily be permanently perverted. These are dangers that cannot be over-emphasized."

And in the United States, Peterson Morley Beame of the Central States Psychophysical Therapy Association allowed us to quote him as follows:

"A statistical survey of over two thousand typical cases has given the Association a sound basis for theoretical diagnosis. Frigidity in the strictest definition can be applied to a large percentage of American women. But it is only in a few, isolated instances that we found a physical and mental structure so weak as to be totally unresponsive to any form of treatment. Less than one percent are beyond help insofar as we can apply our present day knowledge.

The others, all the others, can definitely be led back to normality. The bulk of our recommended procedures involve complex psychological and psychiatric treatment. Yet we can say that in numerous cases, a suppressed lesbian tendency is at the root of the problem. Mind you, we cannot in conscience recommend supervised lesbian activity, even though its curative value is obvious. That would be equivalent to giving a woman cancer to cure her of heart trouble. But if there were a danger-free method by which this therapy could be applied, it would definitely be an avenue worthy of exploration.

than we are to apply this method within reasonable, ethical and legal bounds. But we can say that almost any woman who is willing to ask for help can be positive of getting some relief from frigidity and in 99% of the cases can get much relief."

In commenting on all of these learned opinions, a scientist who prefers to remain anonymous said, "What it all amounts to is that American civilization and morality are at the root of our problem. We're confusing lesbianism with homosexuality and they're not the same thing at all. Interrelationships between women have been going on since the beginning of time, if not with the encouragement, certainly with the tolerance of most of the human race. It's been recognized as largely harmless. It doesn't interfere in the least with family responsibility or the bearing and rearing of children. The same thing in a male does interfere, does inhibit, does prevent family relationships. And that's the biggest difference of all. If Americans could only realize the distinction, we'd have no troubles at all."

In Europe generally the dual approach to sex is almost universal. The so called AC-DC woman is as common as to be ordinary. No one thinks twice about her. Nor does she worry about herself. She is happy in her double life, and she is just as happy with her husband or lover as she is with her girl friend.

European literature abounds in these situations. And in these novels that mirror the actual facts of European life, the husbands are happy too. As one said, "It's better for me for her to have a girl-friend than a lover. The first I might call my partner, but the latter would definitely be a rival."

And they live just as they write. Interviews in six European countries showed that in Italy 25% of women have had some lesbian relationship; in France it was 26%; in Germany 21%; in Sweden, 27%; in Belgium 22% and in Britain 17%. Of all the women who admitted to such acts, only 11% were not married. Of those who were married, some 93% of the husbands were completely aware of what was going on. Of the wives whose husbands did not know nearly half stated that the act or acts had taken place in the past and there was no reason to bring it up now since they had neither the desire nor intention of pursuing such a course of action ever again.

If we compare these figures for lesbianism with those of the United States where less than 4% of women are listed as "lesbian", we might be led to believe that we were a far better and healthier nation. But two facts refute this conclusion. First surveys have shown that women admitting to one or more lesbian acts number far more than the

modest figure of 4%; and second, our frigidity frequency is almost five times higher than that of our nearest rival and better than twelve times higher than the world average. In the Orient, frigidity is not even admitted. Among savage, uncivilized peoples it isn't even known.

Some authorities have pointed out that in a number of these nations areas and tribes, polygamy is universally practiced quite openly. And in family units where there are many wives to each husband, lesbian relationships between these multiple wives is just about universal. Frigidity and harem life don't go together.

Now this doesn't mean that an ordinary American woman, by entering a casual lesbian relationship will improve or increase her sexual responsiveness. The human mind and the human being aren't that simple. There is a definite and close relationship between community outlook, and national morality as against sexuality. The fears, worries and guilt feelings that such a relationship would inevitably develop would do far more harm than good.

We aren't Europeans, nor Orientals, nor savages. We can't merely adopt their behavior and expect it to work in our national civilization. We've got our entire upbringing, education and conditioning working against it. Many people have enough trouble adjusting to normal sex as a result of that conditioning without complicating it by what all of us believe to be unnatural.

American women who have tried it have for the most part suffered such pangs of guilt and fear as to permanently damage all hope of normal sexual responsiveness. Many, whom psychiatry has found to be only slightly slanted toward lesbianism, have gone whole hog into the halfworld of abnormal behavior.

Indications that lesbianism might be helpful are not definite proof. Nor are the statistics. True scientific proof can come only after long and arduous experimentation under tightly controlled conditions. None of the tests thus far conducted have met those scientific specifications.

Besides all of this, we cannot ignore the many cases recorded by science and medicine that point to contrary conclusions. Most modern medical opinion does NOT agree that lesbianism is helpful in cases of frigidity or anything else. It is believed today by almost all doctors in the United States that lesbianism is a true abnormality; that it must be fought on each and every level of society, and those who are infected with it, require treatment the same as any patient with some kind of disease.

Nor does any American religious organization tolerate lesbianism. To all religions it is a total moral evil

and must be destroyed wherever it shows itself.

The only fair conclusion that can be reached is that frigidity is a complex thing. Its roots are deep. Certainly the tendency toward lesbianism is one of its causes, perhaps even a major cause. Possibly in some instances, controlled lesbianism has been helpful in others it has been harmful. We want to, we need to learn a great deal more about the subject. After all, any knowledge is worth while and knowledge that can help women to reach a better and more satisfying life is worth almost any price we may have to pay for it.

We have only tried to bring out some hitherto unpublicized facts. Possibly they may have been of some interest to you. We certainly hope that they have given you some deeper insight into the problem. Frigidity is not hopeless. That much is definite. But the final answer is still in the future. Let's hope we don't have to long to wait. ©

ONLY THE GREEKS

(Continued from page 10)

the Dorians, of whom the Spartans are the best known; the Ionians—namely Athens and that bunch—and a third group from up north, the Boeotians, whom you might as well forget since they don't come into the story at all.

Back a long time ago, the Athenians and the Spartans had a war. Since it was fought entirely in Ionia, and among the Aegean Sea islands still even off in Sicily, naturally it was called the Peloponnesian War. Anyway, it was a rough fight. It lasted so many years that practically everyone who started it was dead long before it ended. Sparta won. They licked Athens hollow.

But that wasn't too surprising. After all, the Spartans were first class fighting men. They liked to fight. They were brought up to fight. In fact, from the moment they were old enough to walk, they were placed in a military school and taught fighting—and were trained to endure every conceivable type of hardship. To this day the toughest kind of life is still called "Spartan." It had always been that way. They liked it.

Still, that kind of society hardly made for what we moderns would call a happy home life. Mama was lucky if she saw Papa much more than once a month. Considering the capacity of Greeks for loving, this made it tough on the populace. But as I've said, the harder things were to bear, the better the Spartans liked it. They were gluttons for punishment.

But seriously, by the time the big war was over, things were in a bad way, at least in so far as Sparta was concerned. For thirty years or more, the men had been off, fighting. And since there were far fewer Spartans than Athenians, practically every able

more delicately emphatic than it could possibly be in English. But the meaning was the same: Sex was abolished. Legally.

ACCORDING to every historical tradition, it took a while for this new philosophy of life to sink in. The Spartans were confused. By all their training and disposition, they were a law abiding people. The official code of conduct was gospel to them. They wanted to obey. They tried hard to obey. For to break the law was worse than a crime. It was, in their eyes, nothing more or less than open treason.

So the men stayed with their fellows, in the army, and the girls had a hell, giving each other wild hen parties. Everyone worked hard to have a good time. And the citizenry were loud in their praise of the wisdom of their monarchs in setting such a lofty standard of living; in giving the people what they so evidently desired.

And yet—I There was no doubt that things had changed. The men, who formerly wouldn't waste fifty-five seconds on any girl in Greece, just couldn't seem to get the dames out of their minds. After all, how could they. There was the law to think about. And one had to take particular care to remember it. And the girls, coyly averted their eyes as the men strode past them in the street. After all, if they looked, they might be tempted. It was much better to glance away. That such conduct was thoroughly equivalent to flirting, never entered their pretty heads.

Now I don't suppose that more than one in a hundred of you cats is old enough to remember prohibition. But I'm certain that most of you have seen some of the jazz on TV. And you must be aware that no sooner did the good old USA outlaw alcohol, than suddenly, all over the land, everyone from parsons to pen-mates suddenly discovered a taste for the stuff.

And so it was with sex, in Sparta. Out of a clear blue sky—and the sky is always blue over the Aegean—curves became the rage. And bad little boys, deserting the boudoirs of their aging masters, started inscribing nasty pictures on Sparta's pure marble walls. It was all very bad taste, to be sure. But it all added up. Sparta was getting restless.

As any psychologist will tell you—especially if you're willing to pay him for the information—there are definite styles in the technique of love. For example, in America today, the old Anglo-Saxon methods reign supreme. When we approach our wives or sweethearts, we do so in the Germanic tradition. As of the present, the lither, more active, and subtler nuances of the Mediterranean, peoples—the Latins, the Greeks, or the North Africans—are definitely taboo. In fact, such activities are actually against the law, in most States of the Union. That doesn't mean they aren't practiced. They are. But not officially, you understand.

In ancient Greece, acts that we call perverted were in style. That's all. It,

was merely the fashion. For just at today, while only about 5% of the population were fags, the other 95% were 100% normal in their ultimate desires. The other? Why that was just an extra kick. Like social drinking for those who don't dig Martinis. They did it just to be friendly and fashionable.

But now that the normal was definitely illegal, the legal suddenly seemed nothing but one Hell of a bore. Canapes may seem tasty at a cocktail party, but for regular eating, a man wants steak and potatoes. And if it comes to a choice, who needs ardisines on salty crackers in the first place!

So as time went on, and the temptations for normal behaviour built up in the minds of men and women, a few cracks in the solid wall of official morality began to appear. Treason or not, a few hardy men and women, set out to break the law. They took elaborate precautions, you understand, but that doesn't excuse them in the least. They were criminals, dogs, obviously the dogs of polite society.

And it was dangerous, too. The Spartan police were excellent. Besides the ordinary watchfulness, they had a first-rate spy system. Why a slave could even earn his freedom by uncovering treasonous behaviour.

The first few lawbreakers were uncovered with pomp and circumstance. They were tried in elaborately correct courts. And when they were convicted, as they definitely deserved to be, they were taken forthwith to the central market place of Sparta, and there, in full view of the assembled populace, were brutally beheaded, and their decapitated remains displayed till sunset over the splendid gates of the city.

Unfortunately, this seemed to have little or no effect on those who witnessed this display of the power of the state. Far from putting the idea of sex out of their heads, it only fired it more strongly.

But the kings of Sparta meant it that way. And just to make certain that the peoples thoughts remained steady, a bulletin was drawn up, complete with pictures, describing in lucid detail, every act that was forbidden, and this bulletin was posted prominently on a hundred strategically located walls. To our minds this may be considered pornography at its worst, but to the Greeks it wasn't the least bit out of the ordinary. After all, unless you can be positive of what is against the law, how can you be sure of obeying the rules.

So now, at every turn, on every street corner, wherever they were or wherever they looked, the Spartans were being reminded of sex. And that, as any normal man knows, is mighty potent stuff. Sex, after all, is one of the two strongest stimuli in the human spirit, ranking right along with self-preservation. Some people even think it's stronger. After all, many a man has risked his life for a woman.

What started as the gentle lapping of the waves, slowly grew into a flood tide. Spartans by the score, began

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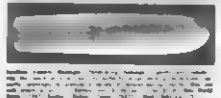
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breaking the law at every opportunity. And since they say that "where there's a will there's a way," you need hardly be told that the byways to love grow tighter and more multifarious than the threads in a mosquito net.

Somewhat, even the deadly efficiency of the police began to suffer. But who could blame them. First, the spies stopped reporting. How could they chance telling on their masters and mistresses, when they were just as busy breaking the law? They were too afraid that they'd be reported themselves. And second, the policemen were guilty too. They were so occupied in weaving devices plots to meet their own blessed demands that they didn't have time to go about breaking up the thousands of illegal liaisons that were taking place practically under their very noses.

A few months later, things really got complicated. For the signs of all this illegal activity began to appear noticeable. Women are funny that way. They can't seem to keep a secret. True, the Greeks, like all the world, love secrets, but it would be stretching coincidence too far to try to believe that every woman in Sparta was becoming fast, at the same time. It not only strained the imagination, it was straining their girdles as well.

Of course, the more imaginative had a ready explanation. If you've ever read the myths and legends of Greece, you know that it was a common thing for old Zeus, Ares, Eros and other Gods of the Greek pantheon to descend to earth and take to their bosoms, the comforting figures of human women. Naturally, no mortal woman could ever be blamed for succeding to a God's desires. These Gods must have been awfully busy in Sparta. For every girl with wit enough to invent a story, claimed that her advanced state of pregnancy was due to one of the Gods from Mt. Olympus.

The Kings scolded their royal households and wished. Regardless of who was to blame, it looked like a bumper crop of new Spartans would be making their entrance any week now. That was what counted, after all.

And such was indeed the case. For three long years, while the unbelievable law remained on the books, the total female population of Sparta continued to bring forth young at a completely fantastic rate. By the end of that period, the population of the city had more than doubled. A full new generation was in being. Sparta was not going to disappear, just yet.

True, the discipline of the Army was suffering. But that was all right. It wouldn't be too long until the new crop of soldiers was trained. Besides, most of the soldiers were ready for retirement, anyway.

So, the time finally came, when, the majority of the people, coming to the conclusion that all this subterfuge was really very silly indeed, went and petitioned their monarchs to repeal the obnoxious law immediately.

The Kings, it must be said, were very decent about it all. First, they caused a poll to be taken, so that they could be certain that the citizens actually meant what they said. But when the vote went something better than 90% for repeal, they hesitated no longer. At a formal meeting of the elders, held as usual in the market place, the law against love was formally stricken from the books. And good riddance, too.

Did it make for a major change in Sparta? That's a good question. I wish we knew the answer. Certainly, for the short haul, it had its effect. So long as the old generation lasted, the men and women who'd lived through the prohibition, the habits continued to emerge at regularly stated intervals.

But as time went on, the old, evil ways returned. And, much to the dismay of the Kings, the old-style discipline never did return to the army. Fifty years later, Alexander of Macedonia—a Boetian, remember them?—had little trouble in beating the outfit that was once the pride of Greece. Sparta decayed into little more than an overgrown village.

But that's another story. Some day, maybe I'll tell it to you!

SKORZENY

(Continued from page 23)

The Naval Base at La Spezia, to a villa in Bordigha. There, after making careful preparations, he discovered at the very last minute that Mussolini had been spirited away. He had to start all over again, from scratch.

After days of frantic marching, Otto received an intelligence report that a resort hotel, high in the hills over Abruzzi, 100 miles from Rome, had been taken over by the Italian Army. It was all the information he needed. Within 24 hours, he had 11 Duce pinned down again.

The hotel was isolated, high on a rocky crag, connected to the outside world only by a funicular railway. While it would be easy enough to capture the cable station, it would still be hopeless. The element of surprise would be lost. He couldn't hope to get up to the hotel in time. For rather than permit rescue, the Italian guards were under orders to execute their prisoners.

Otto decided to make a personal reconnaissance. What he saw was hardly encouraging. There was no place for a plane to land; and to chance dropping a parachute would be to ask for failure. The only possible drop area was far too small. A mine by a chateau would leave him off drifting down the valley, completely out of reach of the target.

So, characteristically, Skorzeny decided to make the attempt, anyway—with gliders.

Sending a unit of troops to capture the funicular cable station in a combined operation, Otto ordered 12

gliders into the air, a little after noon on September 12. Two of the gliders crashed on takeoff, including the one carrying their Air Force guide. So Skorzeny took over that job too.

The gliders cut loose directly over the hotel. Bucking and slamming, they slid down on tricky currents, aiming for a nose first landing on a tiny rock-strewn, 45-degree plateau. Parachutes acted as brakes.

One glider crashed over the precipice, but nine made it—although the ships were wrecked in the process.

While Italian police, and Army guards stood by, watching open-mouthed, Skorzeny leapt from the splintered remains of his glider and dashed for the hotel, without even waiting to see if the rest of his men were even alive. They were. Not a shot was fired. The Italians still couldn't believe that what they had just seen was possible. And Skorzeny's men, moving like clockwork, raced through the grounds, overpowering strongpoints, kicking down machine guns, taking over communications, destroying radio and telephone equipment before the carabinieri could recover.

In fifteen minutes it was all over. Mussolini was in German hands, leaving Abuzzi gracefully, riding in the car of the funderful, which had been easily captured by the other, the ground force unit of Skorzeny's command.

SKORZENY IMMEDIATELY became a hero. He was decorated, promoted to Major, feted by Hitler personally, and given wide publicity in the German—and the Allied—press. It was a feat that would keep his name prominent in history. But for the new Major, it was only a spectacular beginning to his career.

Within months, he was busy organizing an attempt to kidnap old Marshall Petain of Vichy, France. Orders, however, were countermanded at the last minute. Then, after the invasion, when the Allied Armies threatened to over-run Europe in one ferocious burst of speed, it was Skorzeny who stopped their advance, personally training and commanding a group of frogmen, who swam down the Waal River in Holland, hauling marine torpedoes with them. These were affixed to the girders of the main bridges at Nijmegen, fused and blown. Skorzeny and his boys came out of that engagement with none killed and only two men wounded. To the British and Americans it was tragedy. For while the bridges were repaired in a few days, the delay was enough to permit the Nazis to isolate and destroy the advance elements at Arnheim. The Rhine barrier was held and the war lengthened by a full year.

Characteristically, Skorzeny insisted on sharing the spotlight with his chief subordinate, Captain Hummel.

During the Battle of the Bulge, Skorzeny threw a surge of wild panic into the American front line troops by organizing a group of infiltrators who passed into the American lines wearing GI clothing, carrying GI equipment, and speaking perfect, American accented English. And when the rumor filtered down that he would attempt to kill or kidnap Eisenhower, it was enough to wreck the normal operations of the Paris headquarters, as the General was rushed to safety behind a solid cordon of guards. Skorzeny was taken that seriously.

And later on, it was Skorzeny who attempted to blow up the Remagen Bridge by the same frogman tactic he had used at Nijmegen. It took the efforts of almost an entire American Division to stop him. And even then, many claim that it was the natural collapse of the Bridge, rather than any counter-measures of our Army that kept Skorzeny from fulfilling his promise.

But whatever his other achievements, it was as a kidnapper of highly placed personages that Skorzeny was most famous. American intelligence called him a "specialist" in that art—and for good reason. For example, Hitler summoned him in late 1944.

In Hungary, the Fuehrer explained, where Admiral Horthy and his fascist Iron Guard had ruled since 1919, a million Germans were fighting against the Russians in the Carpathian Mountains, alongside the Hungarian Army. Now it appeared that Horthy was thinking of making a deal with the Reds. On the surface, it might seem incredible, because the Admiral had always been a rabid anti-Communist. But if it happened not only would Germany's southern border be breached but a million desperately needed German soldiers would be lost.

Go to Budapest, Adolph told Otto, and do something about it.

It was an insane assignment. Compared to the Castle Hill in the heart of Budapest, from which Horthy ruled, the lonely mountain hotel which had sheltered Mussolini was a thin paper bag. Castle Hill was an ancient fortress, with rows on rows of solid stone walls, thousands of crack troops and any number of tanks and flms to guard its few gates, and a maze of underground passages through which new attacks and reinforcements could be mounted against any besiegers.

The very fact that he had succeeded in kidnapping Mussolini so daringly was a count against Otto. Horthy, like every top man in Europe at that time, was specially wary of kidnappers attempted by the famous German commando.

Stepping out of an airliner in Budapest, using the role of a mild-mannered tourist from Cologne, Skorzeny at first carefully avoided

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cans.

Otto pulled the wounded man behind his car, at the same time firing at the truck with his pistol. His two men left the park bench and dashed over to join him. But the Hungarian loiterers in the garden leaped into the truck as reinforcements. The machine gun continued to spit viciously at the car where Skorzeny and his aids were crouching.

It was pistols against a machine gun. Otto drew a whistle and blew three loud blasts. His reserve force came pounding out of the side street. Now that they were outnumbered, the Hungarians in the truck jumped out and made a dash, not for the office building where the meeting was going on, but for the building next door.

Watching them go, Skorzeny saw that the place was crammed with Hungarians, Horthy's guards. Otto and his men, grinning at the magnitude of the Magyar mistake, dashed for the office building, at the same time hurling grenades in the guard-room door. The blasts not only mowed down a few soldiers, but they also tore down marble slabs, that crashed to the ground, blocking the Hungarian reserves. Even if they wanted to, the younger Horthy's guards couldn't get out.

Inside the doorway of the office building, Otto met the rest of his men—the agents who had been posted in the rented offices on the top floor. While the fight had been going on outside, they had been busy. Now they held a squirming, cursing prisoner, young Horthy himself. Grinning happily, Otto grabbed up a Persian rug from the floor and a curtain rope from a window, and made a neat if restless bundle of the Hungarian "crown prince." Within minutes the captive was handed out a side entrance, tossed into the body of a truck and toted off to the airport like a piece of baggage. A few hours later he was in Germany.

The bold success almost led to disaster. Admiral Horthy, furious at the Germans for kidnapping of his son, immediately announced an armistice with the Russians. But he did it so hastily, however, that in spite of the move the Germans had a brief breathing spell. The Hungarian troops, struggling in the mountains did not accept a radio speech, even one by the ruler, as "orders." They went right on fighting.

Skorzeny decided that the only thing left to do, was to make a direct and immediate attack on Castle Hill. Assault in force was impossible. Airborne troops could be landed in only one spot, a narrow area between strongpoints where they would be surrounded by machine guns and probably mowed down even before they could assemble. To think of taking the solid walls of the old fortress by battering them with troops and guns was equally insane. It would not only be expensive, but it

would start Germans and Hungarians fighting one another. Skorzeny persuaded the local Germans to go along with a more tricky scheme of deception.

During the afternoon and evening, as soon as the radio armistice had been declared, he began moving forces openly, but at a leisurely pace, up to the fortress walls. It was ridiculous on the face of it; the German troops were vastly outnumbered by the Hungarian defenders, and if the Nazis were thinking of a prolonged siege, it was obvious that they could never maintain it.

The Hungarians and Germans were still supposedly friends, and at midnight a messenger from Hungarian headquarters on Castle Hill came down to complain about these hostile, though weak, military gestures. Skorzeny greeted him warmly. "Of course we're still friends!" Otto boomed amiably. "But why is the German Embassy, up on Castle Hill, surrounded by a tight cordon of guns and men. Our people up there are being held virtually as prisoners. Why even the road down from the Hill that they would ordinarily use is sown with mines and blocked with barricades?"

"I demand," said Skorzeny, "in the name of German dignity, that correct diplomatic courtesy be carried out, and that the road up the Hill to the Embassy be opened at once."

A red-faced Hungarian messenger went back to headquarters—and Skorzeny crossed his fingers, hoping he had made the indignation pitch strong enough.

All that night Skorzeny held his men in check. Then, just before dawn, he moved them into final assault position close to the Castle walls. However he issued strict orders, "Safety catches on! No one is to fire, no matter what happens, unless ordered to do so by an officer!"

Quietly, as dawn broke over Budapest, the convoy got under way. Pitifully thin, led by four Panzer tanks, some dwarf tanks, and the rest, a group of helplessly defenseless open personnel carriers, the column gave the appearance of a brief parade rather than an attacking force. As a threat against the impregnable wall of Castle Hill it was a joke.

But that was exactly Skorzeny's idea. He gave the order to advance, and the column moved out. It was a ridiculously tiny party, without scouts, or heavy weapons, or a single covering plane. It was obviously merely a routine convoy going up the Hill on business, to call on the German Embassy.

If the road was open, that is

As the Panzers rumbled close to the gate, Skorzeny sturdy in his command car, dressed in full uniform, held his breath. If the mines were still in place, it would soon be



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all over. But they weren't. The con-
voy reached the first gate.

Miraculously, the gate was open.
The Hungarian guards manning the
barrier looked worried, but they made
no move as the German vehicles
rolled up and through. They had no
orders to keep Germans from their
Embassy. Skorzeny waved cheerfully
as his car slid through the narrow
opening, followed by the four Pan-
zers, the dwarf tanks, and the per-
sonnel trucks.

On the convoy road, clanking up
the hill with noisy carelessness, in
the turret of each Panzer stood its
commander, resplendent in dress uni-
forms, saluting stiffly, with fine mili-
tary correctness, every time they
passed a Hungarian officer or guard
post. The second gate was passed.
Why not? If the guards at the first
gate had followed the convoy through,
those on the second certainly were
wise in doing the same thing. Skor-
zeny smiled and waved cheerfully at
the staring defenders.

They passed sandbag emplace-
ments. They passed rows of machine
guns. Without a backward glance,
the little force offered a helpless
target to the Hungarians. That is, if
the Magyars wanted to start shoot-
ing. But they didn't. The very fact
that they could have wiped out the
Nazis so easily, persuaded the Hun-
garians that the Germans meant no
harm. The convoy reached the top of
the hill. The tanks and vehicles roared
past the German Embassy, pick-
ing up speed, past the Hungarian
Ministry of War, into the open
square in front of the Castle.

Three tanks were ranged in front
of the final gate, but their guns were
aimed at the sky. Moving at top
speed now, Skorzeny abruptly halted
in time-wasting courtesies. He waved
the first Panzer past his car. It
crashed into the gate, and broke
through leaving a gaping hole. Skor-
zeny, followed by eight of his men,
dashed through the hole.

The Hungarians jumped to the de-
fense of their citadel. A colonel of
the guard leaped up in front of Otto,
pistol in hand. The German just be-
hind Skorzeny slapped the gun out
of the man's hand. Another Hun-
garian officer appeared. Otto barked
at him: "Quick! I have to see your
commandant at once. Where is he?
Please hurry!"

Bewildered by the confident tone
of this demand, the officer turned
and led the way. He was no politi-
cian. If the Germans were being al-
lowed into the Castle itself now, who
was he to argue about it?

The Hungarian general, without
warning, was suddenly faced by a
huge, boldly self-confident officer of
the German Reich, with a pistol con-
spicuous in his hand, demanding his
surrender. Castle Hill, said the in-
truder, was in German hands. There
was still some useless resistance go-
ing on, but it was suicidal; the gen-
eral must order a cease-fire at once.
Hungarians and Germans were old

friends, they should not be shooting
at each other.

As if on cue, Skorzeny's aids now
began appearing at the door to re-
port. The courtyard was secured. So
was the main entrance. So were the
halls of the Castle. Skorzeny looked
at the Hungarian general. The man
shrugged, so be it, let the troops
cease firing.

Smiling smoothly, Skorzeny grasp-
ed the general's hand in a burst of
enthusiasm, and congratulated him
warmly on preventing useless blood-
shed. He asked that the officers of the
castle be called together and when
this was done, Otto gave them a
little speech on the beauty of brotherly
understanding. His suddenly
broadened Austrian accent made the
idea of brotherhood more apparent,
for not so long ago Austria and Hun-
gary were partners in a great em-
pire. In fact, wasn't Horthy himself
the regent for the exiled emperor?
Within a matter of hours, Skorzeny
had not only the castle at his com-
mand, but the friendship of the Hun-
garian army as well. The two na-
tions were once again solidified in
the face of the common enemy, the
Russians.

He didn't have Admiral Horthy,
however. That old gentleman had
preferred to slip out of the Castle
and surrender himself to a German
general whom he thought might be
more understanding. But it didn't
matter. A new group of Hungarians,
partial to the Germans, had taken
over the government. The armistice
was canceled, and the German and
Hungarian troops in the mountains,
who had never stopped fighting the
Russians anyway, were now able to
continue the battle side by side, to
the bitter end.

Skorzeny, as constable of Castle
Hill, moved into the Admiral's for-
mer quarters and for a few days,
enjoyed the sumptuous furnishings of
the apartment and the fine old wines
of the Admiral's cellar. Then he had
the fun of escorting Horthy back to
Germany.

BUT BEING temporary ruler of a
great nation was nothing new to
Skorzeny. Earlier that year, in July,
1944, Otto Skorzeny was for almost
two days in supreme command of the
whole German war effort.

On July 20, 1944, a bomb explod-
ed within a few feet of Hitler. It was
the big attempt of the old line Junk-
er High Command to rid itself, once
and for all, of the insane ex-corporal
Skorzeny, now a member of Nazi-
dom's inner circle, found it hard to
believe that German officers could
betray their trust in the midst of a
war by attacking Germany's inspired
Fuehrer. But, unlike the rest of the
clique, Skorzeny decided to investi-
gate the rumors by going straight to
the War Office, where the revolt was
said to have started.

Otto arrived just in time to see
General Fromm, head of the Army
Staff, quietly climbed into his car
and order himself driven home.

From him carefully waited until the result was obviously a failure. Then he had shot a few subordinate officers who were involved in it, and now was taking off before someone got the idea of shooting him.

When Skorzeny walked into the War Office, the place was a madhouse. No one knew what had happened, what to do, or what was going to happen next. The corpses of executed officers, lying untouched here and there about the building, had most of the government staff hysterical with fear.

So Skorzeny took over. For two days he issued orders, directed the bureaucracy back onto its accustomed tracks, signed troop movements, delayed shipments of guns, ammunition and other supplies, passed on production schedules and in fact directed the whole war effort of the diving German nation. On July 22, after thirty-six hours without rest, he was finally relieved by Heinrich Himmler himself. Hitler would not trust anyone else to take over the command of the War Office.

Strange as Skorzeny's adventures were as the one and only commando leader in the German side during the last ditch defense of Europe, he oddly frustrated efforts to surrender himself to the Allies after the final defeat of the Nazis were even stranger.

In May, 1945, the war was over. Skorzeny was in the German Alps, where he had been busy carrying out his last assignment from Hitler—the writing up of an Alpine Redoubt, from behind which Adolf and his remaining Superman would continue to defy the world. But Hitler was dead. Alone with a few aides in the mountains, Otto heard the news that the war was over and also that the Americans were bombing the countryside looking for him.

Wanted posters calling for the arrest of the "most dangerous man in Europe" were flooding Germany and France. Dozens of harmless German officers and men were being locked up, merely on the chance that they might be Skorzeny in disguise. Otto wrote three letters to American headquarters, asking where they wanted him to appear. He got no answer. Apparently the letters were taken for another of the proverbial tricks.

Tired of hearing Luxembourg Radio and the newspapers repeat over and over again, "The most diabolically clever man in Germany is still free," Skorzeny and three of his officers dressed up in their sharpest uniforms and made their way down out of the mountains.

They showed up at an American depot. The sergeant in charge, a busy man, had never heard of Otto Skorzeny. He shook his head wearily. "Can't take the time to book any prisoners, fellows. I'll give you a jeep, though. Go on into Salzburg and let Divisional HQ take care of you, will you?"

The driver of the jeep, however, had heard of the famous commando. A Texan he drove casually. "Skorzeny eh? I guess they'll be hanging you by tonight. He slopped off a seven and bought his distinguished Nazi passengers a bottle of wine out of sympathy.

Then the Texan, still casual as ever, drove them up to a hotel in Salzburg, occupied by American troops, dumped them out on the sidewalk, with their guns still in their holsters, waved in farewell, and drove off.

In the hotel a busy major sent them to another HQ, still with their pistols at their sides to pick up orders. Then the orders had to be signed at still another place, this time outside the city of Salzburg.

There, somebody suddenly caught on. This was Skorzeny, "the most dangerous man, etc., etc." He was politely ushered into a room and

asked to sit down for questioning. The moment his big frame was comfortably settled in a chair, the doors and all the windows of the room were flung open and the snout of a machine gun was pushed through each one. Skorzeny was at last completely surrounded.

Quickly he was disarmed, searched to the skin, and bundled into a jeep with three men to guard him. One of the guards kept an automatic pressed to Skorzeny's heart every inch of the way back to Salzburg.

They arrived at night. His armed tie behind his back, Skorzeny was hustled into a big house blazing with lights to be questioned by a mob of officers and war correspondents, male and female. The females were shuddering stories about the Nazi gangster who had terrorized the Western Allies and threatened Eisenhower's life. Then "the most dangerous man in Europe" was taken to jail.

DAY OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 12)

After this victory, all the remaining weapons were taken to police headquarters under a heavy guard. The Metropolitan alone, by their bravery and skill at hand-to-hand combat, had saved New York City the second time from the bloodthirsty gang who planned its complete destruction. This and the battle for the armor were the turning points that prevented utter disaster for the city.

OPEN STREET warfare was carried on along Ninth Avenue and elsewhere, with the rioters throwing up barricades of timbers, rails and overturned wagons and horse cars. Whole blocks of stores were burned and their valuable contents looted. Hundreds of residences were broken into and pillaged. The Colored Orphan Asylum at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street was burned and looted, while its two hundred inmates barely managed to escape. The office of The Tribune, Horace Greeley's newspaper, was attacked, and finally falling guns were set up in the windows and a howitzer in the doorway for protection. The property damage was never fully determined, but it ran into the tens of millions of dollars. The number of deaths was estimated at anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000, and most of the casualties were suffered by gang members. No exact figures can be given because hundreds of bodies were taken away at night and buried in the basements and underground passages of the Five Points tenements.

The police, with the aid of citizen volunteers and the few troops that were available, held off the rioters wherever they could during the first two days and a half. Then a detachment of the 15th Regulars arrived under Captain Putnam. During that night and throughout the next day, several remnants of the New York Militia returned from Pennsylvania, as well as some made up of veterans of the Army of the Potomac. Gradually, the violence began to die down except near the tenement strongholds of the gangs. And by Thursday night—except for isolated outbreaks—the rioting came to a stop.

For four days and three nights terror and sudden death had taken control of New York City. The newspapers of the time reported such events as the lynching of one Negroes and the murder of Colonel O'Brien, leader of one of the special volunteer groups. O'Brien had been beaten and tortured and left to die in the hot July sun. From time to time rocks would be hurled at his dying body, and at the very end a group of women fiends came who first hacked his body with knives, then crushed it with stones.

But from the private diaries and journals of witnesses who lived through this reign of terror, one can get a clearer picture of what went on. According to these reports, no woman was safe on the streets during the rioting and even the locked doors of their homes were no protection. Using the mob violence as a cover-up, the sex fiends had a field day. At a time when no attention was paid to wholesale murder and when dead bodies in the street were a common sight—it is no wonder that hundreds of rapes went unnoticed in the dark rooms of looted homes.

The first homes to be terrorized were those of the wealthy. After beating any men who were present and leaving them to the tender mercies of the female members of the mob, who often tortured and mutilated them, they would occupy themselves with the women. Often mothers and daughters were attacked at the same time—right in their own bedrooms. Sometimes such attacks developed into full scale orgies that lasted until morning, leaving wine cellars ransacked and wardrobes looted. By then the rioters would be dead drunk, with the women sprawling in stiletto slippers and the men snoring with bottles clutched in their hands. And too often the owners of the house would be dead or unconscious.

One woman and her fifteen-year-old daughter who miraculously survived such a night of terror—the man of the house lay dead in the parlor downstairs—came to in the early hours of the morning to find seven men and three women rioters lying in a drunken stupor all over the upper rooms of the house. Without bothering to cover the nakedness of their own bruised bodies, they staggered among the sleeping figures and managed to drag away one of

them to a third floor window from where they plunged them into the street. Then for the next day and night they hid in the cellar of their ruined home while shouting rioters looked for them everywhere.

These were the horrors that began on Monday, July 13, 1863—a day of infamy in the history of New York City. The fact that the riots weren't even worse was due to the bravery of the Metropolitan Police. New York's finest had seen their finest hour. ☉

IN LOVE WITH SNAKES

(Continued from page 29)

tube. She stayed inside the cage for five—maybe six—minutes, just stroking it and even patting its ugly flat head. Then she wanted to go back to the house—fast.

She came out of the cage and grabbed me, putting a few million volts into the kiss she gave me, digging her long fingernails into my shoulder.

"Quick, Frank—let's go," she rasped hoarsely.

I slammed the door to the cage. Maybe I fastened it, maybe I didn't—but I was in no condition to be certain of anything, except that I wanted to get back into the house with the dame.

It was dawn when we both calmed down. Jinny decided it would be a good idea if I took her home. She had to be at work later in the morning and wanted to change her clothes.

"Okay," I grunted, pulling on my shoes. "I'll get the car . . ."

I went out back and saw that the floodlights were still burning. Dimly, I remembered the incident at the python cage. On a hunch, I decided to check the cage before getting the Olds out of the garage.

The cage was empty!

I searched the grounds frantically. There wasn't a sign of the snake. I could follow its trail to the road which ran in front of the house, but there, it ended.

There was nothing left but to telephone the police. I figured that a couple of patrol cars would be sent out and that the cops would quickly find the snake. I got a hell-o-va lot more than I had bargained for . . .

The local radio station picked up the story and put it on the air. Reaction was swift. There was actual danger, sure—but the announcer built it up way out of proportion. And, to make matters worse, the people listening were suddenly gripped by hysterical fear.

Police and sheriff's office switchboards were jammed with calls from every corner of the county! The python had been "seen" here, there, everywhere.

It was useless for me to protest that it couldn't have reached Hy-

atsville—a town 23 miles from my place—in the time since I last saw it. People wouldn't believe me. They were frightened and could only imagine the worst.

THE POLICE HAD to check every report—if for no other reason than to calm the citizens who telephoned. As the hours passed, the terror mounted. By that time, I was already at the sheriff's office—and the deputies were rushing in and out, following up leads and tips that poured into their alarm central.

"Once we locate the monster, you'll have to take over, Frank," Sheriff Leahy told me. "You know more about these damn things than we do . . ."

That was fair enough, but as the morning wore on—and became afternoon—the serpent had not yet been "located." Press and radio were having a field day. There hadn't been anything like this in Fairfield County since the 1957 flood! It was a "big" story and it had all the elements. The radio stations broadcast "bulletins" every 15 minutes, describing the progress of the search. Everybody began to climb aboard the bandwagon.

A couple of small-time county politicians grabbed off headlines by calling upon the governor to mobilize the National Guard.

"Every citizen of Fairfield County is a potential victim of the monster now loose in its streets!" they charged dramatically. "No one knows who will be the first to be crushed to death in the python's coils!"

Special correspondents and radio and TV men came down from the State capital. They roved through the county interviewing people, building up the "terror loose in Fairfield County . . ." theme.

The hysteria reached fever-pitch after nightfall. There is always added fear after dark—fear of the unknown, fear that hideous things lurk and wait in the shadows.

"No report of anything definite yet," Sheriff Leahy told the reporters who clamored for news shortly before midnight. "Every available man is out looking. We've formed volunteer patrols and posses, but the important thing for the people is that they remain calm. Panic can be more dangerous than the python . . ."

His words were prophetic. One terrified householder saw a movement in his garden—and let loose with both barrels of a 12-gauge shotgun. He wounded his own wife—who was out in the yard taking in some clothes she'd forgotten on the drying-line!

A man suffered a heart attack when he thought he saw the snake on the sidewalk in front of his home. Two little boys played a "joke" on an old lady, dumping a piece of old firehose on her porch. She had to be taken to the hospital,

suffering from nervous collapse . . .

So it went. I didn't have to be told that everyone in Fairfield County held me to blame. The people wanted the snake captured—and, barring that, they wanted my hide!

It was 3:00 A.M. when the payoff finally came. There was no question about it this time. The python had been spotted—at a cross-roads gas station and all-night beanery about two miles from my place. The report came from two policemen already on the scene.

"Come on," Sheriff Leahy yelled at me. "Let's go!"

I would need only a rope and a net to capture the snake—and I had brought both with me. The items were in a prowler car parked outside.

We got into the car and took off, siren wide open. The radio was on and we listened to the calls. They were routine for the first few minutes—and then . . .

"Good God!" came the voice from the speaker. The policeman at the gas station wasn't following official procedures—there was horror in his tone.

"One—one of the waitresses in the cafe went out to see the snake," he stammered over the police radio-net. She slipped past us somehow—now the snake's got her!"

We still had four miles to go. The sheriff urged the driver to pour it on. The car's speed increased. We were doing 70—then 80—90 . . .

We hit the ground running before the squad car had even screeched to a final halt. I had rope and net ready, while the sheriff had his revolver in his fist.

The python was behind the cafe. We ran to where a knot of people had gathered. Some of them were beating at the snake with clubs and rocks—others stood and watched, horrified.

A YOUNG GIRL, her clothing torn from her body, lay in the python's coils. I had arrived with little if any time to spare. The snake hadn't yet begun to tighten its muscles—in that remorseless grip that spells the end for whatever it holds. Nonetheless, the shrieking girl—who struggled and thrashed—was held fast. Her normally pretty face was contorted. Her dress had been peeled from her body by her struggles and she had vomited in fear. "Get away—all of you!" I shouted. The people around the python drew back instantly.

I went for the snake's head. I thrust my fingers into its eyes and gouged at them. I distracted the monster and the coils loosened a bit. The mouth opened and unhinged. A python is not poisonous, but its fangs are razor-sharp. It moved fast and caught my arm!

I felt the fangs rip into my flesh, tearing and raking my arm. Blood spurted. Its smell and taste drove the python wild. It relaxed its hold on the girl, who dragged herself

free. Then the snake caught me! It threw one coil over me—then another.

My lacerated arm blazed with pain. The fangs had snagged in the flesh. Set in the snake's mouth at a reverse angle, they held me fast. If I tried to jerk my arm free, I would shred the flesh from the bone!

Another coil looped around me. The great muscles tightened. Blood pumped and poured from my arm. I was weakening.

"Try and shoot it in the head!" I screamed to Pat Leahy. "Shove the muzzle against the skull..."

The sheriff didn't hesitate. He sprang forward, his gun ready. He took a big chance—at my expense! The heavy-caliber bullets would rip through the head and probably rip into my arm inside the snake's mouth.

I braced myself. But Leahy thrust the muzzle into the brute's mouth, ramming the barrel past my arm. He fired—once. The muzzle blast seared my flesh and the snake gave a great spasmodic twist. I felt a rib crack.

Twice—three times—Leahy pulled the trigger.

As the muscles of the giant python relaxed, I passed out.

I came to in the hospital, with my arm banded from wrist to elbow. For a week or so, they thought it would have to be amputated, so badly were flesh and tendons mangled. Three ribs were smashed.

It was not the end of the story. By the time everyone who'd been affected by the python hunt—and the waitress who'd been caught in its coils—got through filing law suits, I was flat broke. I had to sell everything I owned to pay the claims, then file bankruptcy.

I don't even live in Fairfield County any more. I talked things over with Sheriff Leahy and others—and came to the conclusion it would be better if I packed up and went elsewhere.

I'm living in St. Louis now—managing a large pet shop. I still know my business when it comes to animals—but I'm keeping away from anything that can do more damage than a house-cat.

Oh, yeah. One more thing—Jinny, the dame I had with me the night the python got loose. No. I haven't seen her since, but I did hear that she went to see Pat Leahy while I was in the hospital. She asked him if she could have the python's skin!

Pat Leahy was still a friend of mine. He threw her out of his office.

STAG SHOWS

(Continued from page 21)

Today, the typical road company consists of two couples, usually, for the sake of the Mann Act, married, and for the same reason, traveling

separately—that is in two cars. The average tour consists, on an average of a month to six weeks on the move, and covers approximately ten to a dozen towns with a total driving range of about 2,000 miles. Stops are made for anywhere from one to three nights, depending on local conditions and what the traffic will bear.

Arrangements are usually well planned, ahead of time. The old, tried and true stag show circuit of a dozen years back has provided many of the girls with such a large variety of contacts, that bookings can be made on a fairly stable basis, with sufficient word-of-mouth advertising and publicity to guarantee full houses for the entire stay. Where larger groups of performers are required, local talent can be counted on to fill out any desired combination and it might as well be said that this extra acting personnel is just as likely to be amateur as professional. Everybody, it seems, wants to get into the act.

The female members of the tour, are of course, invariably former, practicing prostitutes. The males, as might be expected, are young, heavily endowed with good health and the constitutions of stud horses. They have to be. By and large, the girls, as the more experienced members of the company are in complete control. They make the bookings, they handle the business arrangements, and usually the money as well. Nor is it too surprising to discover that their male partners don't last too long, sometimes even being replaced right in the middle of the tour.

A typical show plays before an average audience of about fifty, almost equally divided between men and women. In fact, about three-quarters of the audience is made up of married couples. As to the rest, it's evidently the feeling in certain areas of our society, that a sex circus is an admirable thing to take in on a date! Prices run from five to ten dollars per person.

Special shows are given on demand. These cost more, twenty to fifty apiece being the going rate. On these occasions, any combination of male and/or female are produced. But, surprisingly, reports indicate that the demand for all-girl performances predominate by about three to one. A show of this sort, of particular interest, was sponsored by a midwestern women's garden club. Here, the two professional members of the touring troupe were joined by the entire company of club officers to the wild cheers of the general membership. Ah, Mary Mary—what does YOUR garden grow?

NATURALLY ENOUGH, some individual members of these traveling troupes run out of luck on occasion. These are the times when they not only willingly submit

to interviews, but are quite content to have themselves quoted. After all, they can't be much worse off than in jail.

Sally O'H., for example, presently an unwilling guest of one of our southwestern states is quite philosophic about the entire business. "What the Hell," she said, "I needed a rest anyway."

But on the more serious side of her profession she was quite explicit and insisted over and over again that what she was doing made good sense.

"Look," she explained, "I'm thirty-four years old. I've been on the turf, off and on, since I was fifteen. I'm not kidding myself, I'm coming to the end of the line. Look at me, look real close. I don't seem thirty-four, do I. It's more like fifty-four."

"So what have I got to look forward to. Walking the street, that's what, and lucky to find a John willing to toss me a buck—and more than likely getting beat up into the bargain. I know the score. I'm no dope. I went to high school. I would have graduated, too, if I hadn't taken my first fall. Thirty lousy days and they tossed me out! Bad moral influence they said. Oh well, that's long gone now."

"But up on the stage I don't look so bad. Makeup you know, and the Johns don't get that close. And it's easier work too. Two, three, half a dozen turns a night at the most, instead of tramping up and down stairs forty to fifty times between nine o'clock and morning. The pay's better, too. Besides, I'm my own boss now. I collect it and I keep it, minus the payoffs."

"One of my ex-sisters-in-law, you understand, we worked for the same louse, is doing the same thing I am, except she's working in a house. Her pay-off peanuts. The man takes it all and gives her just enough for a pint and carfare. She puts in five days in the house and then moves to a new location. All the spare time she gets is what she can collect in the car driving from her old house to the new one, that is if the man isn't taking some for free when she should be resting."

"Me, it's thirty days on and thirty off, and easy going the whole way through. And I'm saving money too. I get eighteen grand stashed away in the bank right now. A couple more years and I'll be able to buy into a house of my own. Then I'll be able to retire from the business and let other dolls work for me. That's the way to live."

"Sure they preach at you sometimes when you're inside and keep urging you to reform. But you got to understand that that's their job. They get paid for it. They make their loot making speeches just like I do in my profession. Actually, there was enough money in it. I'd

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make speeches too. Maybe it's OK for them, but it's not for me. Anyway, if we all did reform, who'd they make speeches to. Without us to preach at, the preachers would all be starving. So it really works both ways. We're all in the same boat, so to speak.

"Now you wanted to know about the clients, the folks who come to see the shows. Well, it's not easy to say. You get a different outlook up there on the stage then when you're on the turf. Then I used to hate them — really hate them, every last one. But now I'm not so sure. They're really just folks — plain ordinary folks. So they like to watch, how do you writers put it — guys and dolls being intimate, isn't it. You can print that. There's nothing wrong with that word, is there? Anyway, what's wrong with being curious? It's natural. Everybody likes to see how it looks. And they're all wanting to look at things they only read about or imagined before, things their own husbands and wives, or fellows or girl friends would never dream of doing. So we show 'em how it is. And they pay for it. It's actually a service to humanity, isn't it?"

"And a lot of it's almost legal. For instance, when they pulled me in this time, I was married to the guy. They put me in jail for loving my own husband. That's a laugh. If we were home and left the window-shade up and the whole neighborhood got a free show, nobody could make a squawk. But because we charge admission, make the folks pay for their entertainment, they charge us with lewd and disorderly, give him thirty days, and me, cause I got a record, they hook for six months. What kind of deal is that?"

"Some towns aren't half bad, though. Lot's of times the sheriff and the mayor and the whole town council comes to the show. A little moola passes around and everybody's happy. I remember one burg I worked, the mayor even brought his wife along. She applauded and cheered right with the paying customers."

"Don't sell women short. Men think they haven't got feelings, but I can tell you that they go for our kind of performing as much as any man — some of them more so. Sure we play a lot of stage, but there's many a time we played to mixed audiences, some of them with even more women than men."

"We had two couples in our act, me and my guy; and a friend of mine with her husband. It's safer being married. It's not love or anything, it's just good sense. County cops and the state police are bad enough without looking for a fall with Uncle. We had a regular routine, six acts to a show. Nothing startling. A few regular things, some combos and we'd finish up with a

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grand finale with all of us. That's when we'd invite volunteers to join in and you'd be surprised how often they did. Once the whole damned audience, every man and woman of them piled up on the stage. That WAS a wild one. But we managed. We left them cheering. What more can any audience ask?"

I've tried to give you Sally's story complete—word for word as far as I could. It's typical of the outlook and attitude of hundreds of girls now taking part in similar acts and performances from coast to coast. A few details may differ, for after all, no two girls have the same background or personality, but the general picture is true.

Officials in the state where Sally was serving her time generally admitted that everything she claimed was absolutely true. Off the record, they admitted too, that he claims of payoffs, graft and local corruption were probably factual. One said that he knew, although he couldn't prove it, that certain small cities actually encourage the circuses to visit their communities. And it was reluctantly conceded that throughout that section of the country, there was a solid, influential, well-to-do-group, that found the traveling sex circus to be just the kind of kick they were looking for. To that portion of the population, there is nothing wrong with the entire idea.

"The problem," one prosecutor stated, "is that America is legally and culturally a Puritan nation. But actually, the people of America are anything but Puritan. They've got the heritage and the tradition, but everyone feels more uncomfortable living up to their self-set standards than they'll admit. The proof of it is that not only do most people support prostitution—they do you know by patronizing the women to the estimate of thirty million visits a year—but that shows like this continue year after year drawing capacity audiences wherever they play. Arrests come from regular police work—almost never as a result of tips from some member of the public. Why I can give you cases of prostitutes in this very city, living and working in a crowded apartment house for years, with never a complaint from her neighbors—all good, substantial, honest citizens. From the legal aspect, it's heart-breaking. If the people don't want us to enforce the laws, why do they insist on keeping them on the books. For whenever anybody publically comes out to repeal them, there's such a hue and cry you'd suspect there was a viper in their midst. Human nature—who knows. Anyway, I enforce the law as it's written. I'm not interested in social reasoning."

If anything is even more astounding than the widespread section of the population that attends the

circuses, it's the number of people who come back to see the shows again and again. After all, how often can you see anything new. For the most part, when you've been to one, that's it. There's just so much that's possible. But the audience not only revels in the acts, but often insists on seeing one or more reels of movie film as an encore—and then comes back the next night or the next week to see another show, featuring just about the very same things. It's like kids and cowboys. Either they get a special thrill out of watching, or they're just plain gluttons for punishment.

But the average audience rarely tends to self-analysis. "Why do I like it?" answered one man. "What do you mean why. I just do, that's all. It gives me a kick. When I get home, I'm just like a kid again. It's great. Now mind you, not that I don't think youngsters ought to be kept away from this sort of thing, but for regular folks, who are mature and married, what's wrong with it? Besides, everybody goes to the shows, so why shouldn't I?"

And a woman viewer said, "Sure, the first time I saw it, I was shocked. It seemed awful, terrible. I almost felt sick. But in spite of all that, it did things to me. It made me behave in ways I'd never even thought of before. That part was good. So I went again. And I wasn't shocked the second time. I knew what was coming. It was terrific. I'm going to see every show I can, from now on. I'm not going to be bashful about what I like. This is for me, that's all."

Granted that these statements don't seem to add up to very much. It is still a fact that by now more than ten million Americans a year are willing to part with their hard-earned cash—not only willing but eager—for the sake of supporting groups who will perform in sex circuses. There is nothing sectional, or racial about these people; they come from everywhere in the country, from every income and social level. They are typical in every sense of the word.

To date, the circus industry is not large, not when compared to other sections of organized vice. But it's growing and growing rapidly. It has been estimated that both in numbers of performers and audiences, it has more than doubled in the last two years. It's expected that it will treble again in the next two. At that rate, it may well be a billion dollar business by 1970.

Like 'em or not, the sex circus seems with us to stay. And if the average American is to be believed—when questioned in private—he like's 'em. What that means, we'll leave to the sociologists. As far as the rest of us are concerned, all that can be said is, there it is. You decide.

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Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

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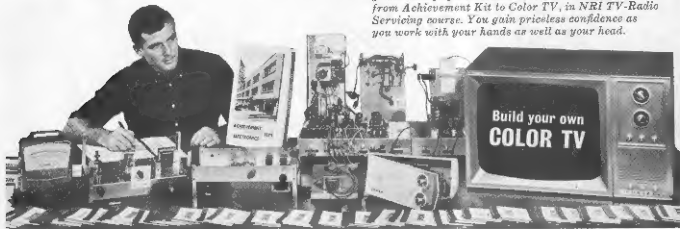
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